

For the Saturday Gazette.
A LITTLE EPISODE.

They chose a seat where I could not see
The sweet smiting of their comedy;
And if my trusty eyes your censure meet,
Aye, gentle reader, to your own repeat
The import of the lines I write below.
He bought a daily, and prepared to read.
While she upon the landscape gazed, indeed
Found in the shifting scene such pure delight
That all-impulsive, often would invite
Him to share with her, but a little frown
Gathered his eye-brows, and his lips adown,
Just vexed her to the teasing point, when she
Gave his left ear a little pinch, but he
Oblivious to her touch pursued the page
Which quickly wrought her to a gentle rage.
Then silly gathering at her fingers end
Those tender hairs, which youngsters pull to
send

A comical stalkling "Spanish," she essayed
A twist, nor was an answer long delayed
In coming, for he dropped the printed sheet
In sudden anger, and her laugh did meet
With flashing eyes, and mirthfulness severe;
Then just a little post so come queer,
She and her penitence could not abide
Tension to the heart's fond beating there.
Then lifting up her eyes, "Ah very fair,
Unto his own, and purring lips drew near
And — in the tunnel did they disappear!
While I and my reflections had a spell
Of accusation, and were I to tell
The sad conclusion I was forced to own,
It would, I fear, be too clearly shown
That I was punished as was just and fit
And that you are friend for reading 'tis!"

H. C. r.

After Dinner.

A man left a bony steed on Main street
last Saturday, and, coming back a short
time afterwards, discovered that a funny
youth had placed a card against the flesh-
less ribs bearing the notice, "Oats wan-
ned, inquire within."

A touching epitaph:
"Stranger, pause—
My tale attends
And learn the cause
Of Man's end.
Across the world
The wind did blow,
She kethed a cold,
What laid her low.
We shed a quart
Of tears 'tis true,
But life is short—
Aged 83."

"Where are you going?" said a young
gentleman to an elderly one in a white
cravat, who he overtook a few miles from
Little Rock. "I am going to Heaven, my
son. I have been on the way eighteen
years." "Well, good-by, if you have been
travelling towards Heaven eighteen years,
and got no nearer than Arkansas, I'll take
another route."

"Could anything be neater than the
darky's reply to a beautiful young lady
whom he offered to lift over the gutter,
and who insisted that she was too heavy?"
"Lor, missus," said he, "I've used to liftin'
barsrels of sugar."

Young Smith was walking out with the
idle of his heart, the other evening, and
they chose the favorable resort of lovers,
the goat pasture near the dam. While ad-
miring the falls and getting their noses
reddened by the north wind, she burst out
rapturously, "Isn't that dam splendid?"

—
APING BAD EXAMPLES.
If we may trust the following report,
taken from a recent number of the Char-
leston News, some of the colored members
of the South Carolina Legislature must be
men of very different stamp from the cul-
tivated and able gentleman who represents
that State in the Congress of the United
States. During a recent debate in the
House on the appropriation for the peni-
tentiary, a motion for a reduction of the
amount named in the bill led to the fol-
lowing scene:

MINOT (colored). "The proposed ap-
propriation is not a whit too large."

HUMBERT (colored). "The institution
ought to be self-sustaining."

HURLY (coming to MINOT's relief).
"Mr. Speaker, I rise—"

HUMBERT (to HURLY). "You shot
you, mous! (Roars of laughter)."

GREENE (colored). "That thief from
Darlington" (A delicate allusion to HUM-
BERT.)

HUMBERT. "If I have robbed any
thing, I expect to be Ku-Kluxed by just
highway robbers as the member (Greene)
from Beaufort. If I get to the penitentiary,
I won't ask for \$600 to support me."

GREENE (to HURLY). "You know as
much about it as you do the Governor's
contingent fund."

HURLY. "At least no one has been
able, or ever attempted, to refute my
charge against the Governor, and his Ex-
cellency will not dare den them."

GREENE (colored). "No; but if the
Governor were not such a coward, he
would have cohered you before this, or
got somebody else to do it."

HURLY. "If the gentleman from
Beaufort (Greene) would allow the weapon
named to be sliced from his cuticle, I
might submit to the castigation."

The next day Mr. Greene attempted to
explain that he did not mean to say Gover-
nor Mowes was a coward.

GREENE (rising to a question of privilege).
"It was not the Governor to whom I refer-
red, but his wife. What I mean is if the
Governor's wife were not a coward, they
would have cohered Hurlie, and if she
were a member of the Governor's staff, I
would have done it before this."

HURLY (rising to a counter-question of
privilege). "Nobody on the Governor's
staff, nobody he could put on there, not the
doughty gentleman from Beaufort, not the
valiant Governor himself, dare undertake
to cowhide me."

"This, says the Charleston News, "is the
usual style in which the business of law-
making and money-grabbing is conducted in
the South Carolina Legislature. The
radical members call each other thieves,
liars, and rascals without any provocation."

and do not appear to have any idea that
they are insulting any body, or that they
are not telling the Gospel truth. Years of
laughter on the part of the House and an
increased consumption of peanuts follow
these outpourings of fish-fag rhetoric; but
for the honest citizens of the State the
farce threatens to have a tragic ending."

The moral to be drawn from this is indicated
in Mr. Nest's cartoon on our front
page. These ignorant and incompetent
legislators must give place to those who
will more faithfully represent the worth
and intelligence of the people of the State,
both white and colored. But it must be
confessed that the colored members of the
South Carolina Legislature could point to
very unsavory precedents as to manner
and language among white legislators of
Southern and Northern States.—*Harper's
Weekly.*

A DAY IN HAVANA.

BY THE REV. BISHOP SIMPSON.
ARRIVAL—ANNOYING INCONVENIENCE—HO-
TEL CUBANA—REVERE'S REMINISCENCE—
THE REBELLION—INTOLERANCE.

As we approached Havana the coast line
rose from the sea, and dark hills shadowed
the picture, on the foreground of which
stood the Spanish city, the capital of the
Queen of the Antilles. It was a beautiful
morning, the sky cloudless, the air balmy.
The tower of Moro Castle first caught the
rays of the rising sun. The hills were cov-
ered with green vegetation; the palm tree
gracefully waves its crown, and the flowers,
peeping here and there from half opened
enclosures, told of a tropical clime, and
seemed to welcome us to the island. Nearly
four hundred years ago, Christopher Colum-
bus, its discoverer, gazed upon with
almost parental affection, and exclaimed,
"So beautiful a country eyes have never
seen." It is beautiful still.

We had scarcely passed under the guns
of the castle into the broad bay before our
steamer came to anchor, and we were left
a mile or more from the landing. There
we were obliged to wait for the visit of the
officer of the port, who took passports on
shore to have them examined, and then a
permit was sent allowing passengers to
land. The British steamer *Passenger*, for
Vera Cruz, entered the bay a few minutes
after our ship, and we requested that our
trunks might be transferred directly to it
as we intended to take passage immediately.
But the officers of the port refused,
and would not allow any trunk to pass
except through the Custom House; and
when examined there they refused to allow
them to remain in the Custom House, a
few hours, or to permit them to be shipped
to the British steamer, because it had not
yet been officially visited. I learned after-
ward, from the officers of the steamer, that
they were not visited until about twelve
o'clock, because the port dignitaries could
not be disturbed in their breakfast hours.
Here is a city of 200,000 or 25,000 inhabi-
tants, with an immense trade, with more
than two centuries of years, without a
wharf at which passengers may land, and
is restricted by its officials as to
great inconvenience merely to secure
few fees, or to excuse their indolence.
Passports are strictly required, and the
green official passes to be, not to protect
the country, but to make money. I and
my company had been so unfortunate
as to be without passports at New Orleans
but by the kindness of Governor Kellogg we obtained a certificate of nation-
ality under the seal of the State. This
proved amply sufficient, as it gave the
Spanish consul an opportunity not to vis-
it, but to attest its genuineness, for
which he charged, in gold, seven dollars
and twenty cents each to three of us, and
then the officer in Havana charged for it
its approval three dollars and twenty-five
cents more— to give us the privilege of
stopping for one day on Cuban soil.

We found pleasant lodgings at the Hotel
Cubana, kept by Mr. Beman, formerly of
Tennessee, and had to visit a few places of
interest. The walls of the old city have
been chiefly removed, and large and beau-
tiful suburbs have been added. Seven
years ago I spent several weeks in the city
and adjacent country with an invalid son,
who vainly sought restoration to health.
Since that period the change has been
great and the buildings more recently
erected are of better architecture. Wide streets
or paseos furnish an excellent drive to the
botanical gardens, where a large collec-
tion of flowers, shrubs and trees, among
which the royal palm, with its tall and
branchless trunk, and its umbrella-shaped
crown of leaves, is peculiarly conspicuous.
A large red flower called mar pacifico, a
species of hibiscus, contrasted finely with
the deep green of the foliage. A view
from the summit of the hill west of the
city, and on which large barracks are located,
was, at the hour of sunset, both
delightful and magnificent.

Around the governor's square, and some
streets, the Indian laurel makes a dense
shade, and is trimmed in various forms, as
taste may dictate. Every where the city
wears a martial aspect. On the men of
war in the harbor squads of marines were
under drill, as well as in small coasting
vessels. The fortifications bristled with
guns as well as men; and on the streets you
meet soldiers almost every where. Of the
rebels I heard but little. People speak
with great caution, but I learned that a
large proportion of the native population
sympathize with it. Of course they cannot
be trusted in any severe conflict. It is
said that the Captain General has tele-
graphed for fourteen thousand more troops.
What shall be the end no one can tell.
Five years the war has lasted. The insur-
gents, I am informed, control about one-
fourth of the island; and, partly by war,
but perhaps more through disease, Spain
has lost about eighty thousand men.
So far as I could learn, there is no well-
established Protestant church on the island.
An Episcopalian minister has pre-
ached to a small congregation English and
French in Havana, but no effort has been
made to speak to the Spanish population.
Until recently there has been no possibil-
ity of doing so, as there was no toleration
until the old monarchy was overthrown.
The Jesuits leaving Europe have congregated
here, and keep a watchful eye, especially
on efforts at education, and have succeeded
in preventing the success of any
Protestant teachers. Unless lately established,
there are no Sunday schools in the city,
or on the island, and the young men grow up
either indifferent or infidel. The women,
however, are trained in the schools by the
sisters, and at the confessional by the
priests, to be bigoted, if not devoted, Catholics.
American Christians have too long
neglected the Spanish people at their doors.
—*The Methodist.*

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